

## Poetry Series

# Phil Charters

- 36 poems -

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## 32.8

32.8 years,  
Ner'er a thought,  
T'would end in tears  
At ones desk  
Doing as one does do,  
When in she flew,  
With her heart full of stones,  
And her vacant eyes  
She cared little for what I knew,  
Or the work, that I do,  
The corporate shrew  
'Twas the money saved,  
Her status raised,  
In corporate eyes,  
With ne'er good morning  
Or a fond goodnight  
For days that numbered two  
Then, 'walk with me',  
My fate I knew  
With patronizing words, on cue,  
A river of of worded spew  
I was through,  
Cut from the corporate state,  
Thankless years  
32.8

Phil Charters

## A Bush Walkers Verse

Over the Snowy,  
In it's fullest guise,  
The moon in splendour, did arise.  
Cast it's beam to the waters flow,  
Mingling light, with the fires glow  
A natural picture show.  
And beauty stood, in the moons full light,  
The world of anguish, was pushed beyond the night,  
Over the river beyond our guardian trees,  
Tangled in the river reeds;  
Back behind our last defence  
The river rocks  
Creations greatest strength;  
Ah, it all makes sense,  
Why we lift the burden of our packs  
And walk the dusty bushland tracks.  
Up a spur, along a ridge,  
Crest a mountain, and walk on high,  
In Silhouette, against the sky  
A moment, stolen  
From the passing of time  
Forever held in the bush walkers mind  
Rain soaked in a lightening flash  
The awesome sound as thunder cracks  
Walk on through to a perfect day,  
Here, where not a tree  
Would dare to stray.  
Yet life so fragile,  
In the little wild flowers,  
A walkers delight,  
In the seeing hours.  
Cling to life, in clusters,  
Colourful, bright  
We walk on down towards the night

Together  
forever entwined  
A most enthralling  
moment in time.  
Together,  
Cloistered, in a pristine  
view  
Little wild flowers Colour  
The grasslands greenish  
hue  
Mountains roll on, roll on  
fading softly into  
Blue

Alive in the birdsong  
of a brand new dawn,  
A wallaby hops,

Graceful, on the very same morn  
The sun arises to light our way  
And the trees stand tall, as if to pray-  
"Be safe Bush walkers, throughout this day".  
A Bush walker, walks,  
The track of exhaustive dreams,  
Through all the wonders that nature schemes,  
Following the trail of ones heart,  
Alive in heavens woven art.  
Down from a mountain,  
To the valley below,  
Happy to be, by the little creeks flow,  
As the bush walkers sky,  
Passes from day to night.  
And all of the stars,  
Twinkle so bright,  
My mind reflects, on all that I have seen,  
Where I have walked,  
The places I have been.  
A beautiful world, my body spent,  
I lie my sleeping mat, content.

Phil Charters

## **A Foothold In A Mountain Range**

Whispering,  
Mountains on the breeze,  
Over an island,  
Across the sea,  
Seeking,  
Finding,  
Beseeching me,  
"Come, Come, heed my call,  
Journey forth, and walk with four."

God's,  
Of an ancient mind,  
Cajoled, Conjured  
Paradise,  
For mankind to endure  
Footsore up a rise  
Walking, scrambling,  
To fill ones eyes,  
With what here about, is bountiful,  
The gods created, beautiful.

Walking,  
Through ones dream,  
Delighted, excited,  
Enthralled,  
By towering crags,  
Rocky tors  
Falling away, to indigo lakes,  
A landscape, still pristine,  
A most perfect day, serene.

Mystical  
Mountains in the mist  
Over the plains  
Through mud hole pits,  
Bleeding,  
Blistered,  
Suffering, for our bliss,  
Five weary souls, beneath a sunsets glow  
A beautiful hardship, it should be so.

Hung,  
On A rock face  
Fingertips, bleeding,  
Raw.  
Fearing the worst,  
If I should fall  
Dangling, stretching  
Searching for,  
Life outside, my living cage,  
A foothold, in a mountain range.

Phil Charters

## **A Stairway To The Moon**

Primal light  
Beams through  
A cloudless balmy  
Night  
Where the water rolls  
In gentle waves  
And ever so  
softly lays  
A stairway to the moon

That whispers  
Beckons to  
Mine weary soul  
Come ye climb this  
Night  
Not shackled to  
Ones humanness  
With ego lost now  
Climb

With weighted steps  
At first I climb  
And then my soul  
Bursts free  
I judge no being  
Nor mine self  
The light  
Illuminates me.

Far from home  
Where worries  
Grind my sanity  
Not at all  
No festering wounds  
On egos flesh  
With whom it is  
I love  
primal light  
it is not,  
but love that lays  
A stairway to the moon.

Phil Charters

## **A Tear Falls**

A tear falls  
and slowly tracks  
inflicted sadness  
that dwells upon the face  
of a woman, homeless  
in the face of war.  
Silent anger: fear  
held in the wetness of the tear,  
to the breast falls,  
a baby suckles, feeds,  
in the tumult of a thousand  
beings, fleeing, homelands;  
their lives tossed upon the  
violent wind of history:  
forever cast, unwanted upon  
the conditional mercy  
of those of more fortunate birth.  
A tear falls. A mother cries,  
in a field of shattered dreams,  
on bended knees; her baby feeds  
while the world passes by,  
unconcerned, uncaring,  
no word of comfort spoken.  
It is but, the nightly news,  
and this mother, this baby,  
are naught, but the produce of history,  
to live or die as the dictator sees fit,  
buried beneath the endless wave  
of human misery.  
Their graves unmarked,  
their lives unknown,  
the centuries past  
hold them all condemned,  
forgotten.  
Progress deems a human  
now can walk the realm of Gods,  
while the soul remains uncleansed.  
Progress?  
Progress, I think not.

Phil Charters

## **African Child, Masterchef**

Limed,  
In a ditch, a child,  
In her death does lie  
Hapless, skeletal people  
Wander by  
The sound of mothers who cry  
Children die.  
Feebled, fevered voices  
Sing a famines dirge,  
Lament do they,  
This rainless scourge.  
Suffer, child of Africa  
To die a death so cruel  
Forsaken by the falling rains  
And affluent people who rule.  
O, how mine eyes, long do weep  
For tormented people  
In suffering deep  
Ah the thought of troubled sleep  
A mind consumed, by this tragic scene  
Switch the view on my widescreen  
Buffoons in cravats, fancy dress  
Plentiful food, Masterchef  
Critiqued,  
In a kitchen, a girl  
In her failure, does cry  
Jubilant, happy competitors  
Stand near by  
Her mother cries  
Nobody dies  
Strong altiloquent voices  
Speak a critics prose  
Buffoons, garnished  
Scented, rose.  
Suffer, child of emulation  
To cry your failure cruel  
Forsaken by your talent  
And pompous judges who rule.

O, how mine eyes long do weep  
For an African child's  
eternal sleep  
It cuts me deep.  
Yet still buffoons, haughty, speak-  
' 'Tis beauty here, my eyes desire  
Symmetric, poetic, colours jell  
My taste buds to inspire  
This dish presented, so very well  
Textured smooth, flavours, separate'  
Just a morsel, from this plate-  
A child suffers a cruel fate  
Of empathy bereft

An African child, Masterchef.

Phil Charters

## Beautiful, Tragic, Runnymede

Softly: Softly: morning creeps, o'er a  
meadow green;  
A pall of mist, the air is crisp;  
A sign says 'Runnymede.'  
Conjured, from the mist surreal, gallows  
ghostly dawn;  
Dappled light, an oxen cart,  
Trampled luscious grass.  
Gathered Barons, an English King, fealty  
on the breeze;  
A royal hand, a royal seal,  
Put now to a deed;  
And centuries seven tainted, by peoples,  
libertine.  
Historic turns, a warp in time,  
A king from ages past,  
A royal seal erased, a charta, set to flame;  
Restored a Kingly character;  
The future to redeem.  
Heave, hove, the oxen cart; rumbles  
wooded wheels,  
Rhythmic, medieval,  
A sombre human load;  
Behold a gibbet, be in their eyes  
condemned;  
O beautiful, beautiful meadow;  
O tragic Runnymede.  
A voice ersatz, speaks through no-ones lips:  
"Delete now, yes or no? "  
Replies a voice, "affirmative"  
"Be done with this thing here" says  
America's C.E.O  
"Now deleting, " A spoken voice;  
A voice that has no person.

Softly, softly, belts conveyance drive, no  
hand upon the pike,  
Rhythmic age, computers, wretched  
beings rise  
Toward the scaffolds deathly call, the  
noose be in their sight;  
Damned, by God, those libertine:  
Nay! By the strong historic tide.  
Shouts the King, from ages past,  
"Profound the moment this; "  
Hugs America's C.E.O.  
And vanishes in the mist.  
Upon the grizzly platform first,  
comes females office dress;

Next in line, are overalls,  
Factory work no less.  
Then condemned, amongst the damned,  
the storemans coat of blue;  
Checkout chicks and tellers,  
Yes, every workers hue.  
Now upon the platform, a young lass comes  
in last,  
Dressed is she, in students garb;  
Her father cannot pay;  
So here among the rest, society, is done with her  
this day.  
"Your souls! Your souls!  
I'm here to save."  
Shouts a man in priestly dress. Before  
the wretched stands;  
He checks his notebook screen.  
"Your names are here, not seen."  
No moneys, given to my church! Indeed your  
souls are damned.

Silent, turns the gibbet arm,  
A noose around each neck;  
Ones civil rights to strangle, a social  
throat to stretch.  
Gathered Barons, solemn mood;  
A legacy, theirs, now lies,  
At rest within a casket, at rest,  
society lies.  
"Deletion now complete, relieved is  
excess stock."  
All is automatic;  
No need for democratic.  
"Repaired this day, are centuries seven, "  
says America's C.E.O,  
Kings of commerce rule,  
It always should be so.  
O liberty! O liberty! Executed: on gallows  
ghostly dawn.  
This place where you were born;  
O beautiful, beautiful, meadow;  
O tragic Runnymede

Phil Charters

## **Betrayal**

traitor!  
whom my heart  
burns  
with the fire of betrayal  
and flees victorious  
my stolen soul  
grieving for friendship  
lost, to the will of self  
like Rob Roy  
broad sword brandished high  
slayer of innocent souls  
he runs  
runs, without honour  
shame should fill his heart  
for mine is broken  
left are shattered lives  
their fate is mine  
for of the clan  
we are not  
so by this modern day  
highland chieftain  
we are damned.

Phil Charters

## **Born Out Of time**

Down, down  
In a trough of despair  
    Eyes glazed, open  
With ne'er a care  
    Dreaming, scheming  
His soul not at home  
    Windjamming days  
An ocean to roam  
    Gallant, yet crude  
The sailor, the ship  
    One checked by the wind  
The other, the whip  
    Longing for solace  
In the arms of a wench  
    Breaking her heart  
Her blue eyes do drench  
    With tears, so long  
Forever, no more  
    He'll lust her or love her,  
He sails, a far distant shore  
    Where musket and cutlass,  
Keep the natives at bay  
    His wit and his guile  
His bravery holds sway  
    Defended admirably  
The captain relieved  
    Rewards him, a girl  
Big bosomed, beautiful  
    To partake of his seed  
Lust rides motion,  
    A lifetime at sea  
Excitement or love,  
    Catastrophe,  
Ever so near  
    Over the next wave,  
To live or to die  
    But n'er a slave.  
Always a story  
    Be it true or a tale  
Escaping from savages,  
    Sunk by a whale  
Exotic, erotic,  
    Does it matter at all?  
When memories like shards,  
    Scatter and fall,  
Through eyes despairing,  
    Riven from soul,  
Piercing flesh, a moment  
    Sublime,  
Tapping the keyboard,  
    Born out of time.

Phil Charters

## Emotions

Emotions: my emotions;  
weigh: as does an anchor, upon a vessel;  
my image to the world.  
Wherein lies my soul; longing to be free: -  
to ride the breeze, around the world;  
to dance around the stars;  
converse with Gods, from ages past;  
to harp with ancient bards.  
Alas: to love, to hate, to grieve;  
be happy; then not to be:  
a moody vessel I, and all who are my like.  
Haul the anchor; set to drift;  
toward a rocky shore.  
Planks to tear asunder, my spirit now to soar.  
Confined my soul, my spirit old;  
should slip beneath the waves:  
forever lost my spirit; trapped within its dying.  
But those who own my image, come screaming to my head: -  
"Come back; come back." You wayward fool;  
your life with ours entwined.  
Anchor chain, through fingers slip,  
my soul cries through the pain: - Emotions: my Emotions: -  
have bested me again.

Phil Charters

## **Frayed Edges**

frayed edges  
tattered and torn  
unmended, to ruin  
the garment falls.

a child  
without a childhood  
sacrificed  
born and quickly  
given  
an economic slave

and the youth of man  
emerges  
from beneath a mind  
tormented  
blazing fury  
in the hall of learning  
hells own corridor  
guns of war

and smote  
the youth of man.

let then fantasy  
enhance the child  
and reality  
adults condemn

society  
worn a garment  
people secure  
ensconced  
tattered and torn  
the future escapes  
unheeded warnings  
frayed edges

Phil Charters

## Grandfathers Eyes

His face, ravaged, by time irrepressible;  
a lonely tear tracks, the wrinkled havoc,  
and falls silent, to his lap.  
Emotions, not controlled, he once  
walked proud;  
his voice, now barely heard;  
long ago was loud; and o the  
aged shuffle,  
so often does he fall, his wretched body,  
now consigned, persona too, confined,  
with strangers, in decay;  
living, breathing, precious air;  
on the edge of non-existence.  
Despair.  
Yet eyes, sorrow filled, overflow grief,  
to trickle down, his ancient cheeks;  
shout, in words, unspoken;  
"Know me, you, do not."  
For I am young, vital, with children;  
a wife, a home, I have it all,  
here within my mind;  
but O the force, non-existence,  
kept pulling at my being;  
my strength began to wane;  
time sped faster, then a bullet train;  
so here I am thus stranded, in these my final days;  
to hold a grandson, in my eyes,  
so blissfully unaware,  
within his youth, wasting time;  
building dreams, to gain forever life;  
O what pain, his fate is mine;  
with hope forlorn, for he was born,  
on the edge of non-existence.  
Alone, in his despair, no spoken word,  
the message clear,  
within, Grandfathers eyes.

Phil Charters

## **In The Moonlight**

Evil creeps  
through ghostly trees,  
in moonlight eerie, draped  
figures shadowy  
in a windless night  
hooded faces, bodies caped  
embers stirred  
not by wind or hand  
leap now, into flame  
and shadows dance upon  
the trees  
while the world unknowing  
sleeps.  
Fire glows,  
in the heated night  
decaped all present, stand,  
evil seen  
in the guise of men,  
gray suited, breifcased hand  
all cavort  
and fade to one  
as flames leap for the sky  
licking governments  
heat controlled  
society shall surely die.  
For evil  
rides the corporate state  
stirred a tricksters brew  
babies burned  
by their parents faith  
in hooded men  
no future to accrue.  
Moonlight hour  
stilled by evils hand  
arise no more the sun  
shadows cast  
from the corporate state,  
brings doom for everyone.  
Evil creeps  
though ghostly trees  
deception worn a cape  
ashes stirred  
by a howling gale  
blow society to its fate  
a mindless world  
of servitude  
beyond democracy.

Phil Charters

## **In The Silence Of The Tomb**

Paradise,  
shadows long  
in the light  
of a pastel morn:  
shaking the sleep  
from a travelers eye,  
an artist palette  
comes to mind.

Beautiful:  
and yet  
does paradise  
fall aside  
the travelers road  
so cruel:  
in the fall of dusk,  
in the moonlight  
hours,  
souls have taken  
flight.

Offending  
the eyes  
of a gentle being,  
shame into  
ones heart;  
'tis I who wrought  
this tragedy:  
paradise brought  
undone.

Within  
a paradox  
shattered,  
innocent bodies  
lay,  
open battered  
bloated  
dead  
in the wake of  
another night.

Confused  
by the dazzling  
light,  
rolling bullbars strike;  
left in a pastel  
dawn,  
creatures in demise;  
horror betwixt  
the beautiful,  
human passion

paradise:

in the silence of the tomb.

Phil Charters

## **Insidious Ism**

see to it, my will  
i shall not lie  
beneath democracy  
fallen;  
a soulless creature  
given not to  
god,  
but to reckless  
ideology.

seduced, to an ism  
insidious;  
society ignored, collapsed,  
human conscious, collective  
given  
into the economy trap.

o you foolish being  
i think you not,  
aware,  
that culture lost, to the isms sword  
casts the world into despair.

'yea the grael!  
holy wealth'  
to splendidly so few  
while many fail  
and fall and fall  
to the weapons of your coup.

prosper now, ye ism,  
where the darkest  
market lies;  
the youth of man  
now hopeless;  
estranged is now,  
reality  
from their eyes.

ride ye human ride  
across your ism wide  
fall ye not on paradise;  
but fall ye to,  
the ever eternal abyss.

social culture  
nurtures and thus protects:  
like disease, the ism destroys: -

the insidious ism.  
capitalism.

Phil Charters

## Knowledge

The modern mind  
enhanced by knowledge  
negates the primal mind  
not at all  
and thus  
with knowledge seduced  
to a coupling sinister  
ill-gotten  
flirted with, discarded  
like a whore  
left without virtue  
so the world is deceived.  
And the ignorant  
who once praised  
the tyrant  
cast aside their ignorance  
and rebelled  
against the power  
of book burning-  
learning,  
yearning, to know.  
Know what?  
nobody knows.  
Thus the tyrant  
is not one, but all  
and knowledge enhances  
not primal innocence  
nor the wise  
but eradicates both.

Phil Charters

## Let There Be Hope

Boats afloat,  
 across an ocean moat  
Sailing away,  
a tyrants torment  
 With joyous rapture,  
T'ward a life content.  
rickety, leaking boat  
 Let there be hope.

Boats of hope,  
 human tragedy afloat  
Sailing away,  
 a homelands fear  
On terrible waves  
 Closer now, sanctuary near.  
listing, ailing boat,  
 Let there be hope.

Boats without hope,  
 Human misery, afloat  
Sailing away,  
 from a life content  
With sorrow filled hearts.  
 recapitulated, now their torment.  
Scuttled, sinking boat,  
 let there be hope.

Boats nae float,  
 beneath an ocean moat  
Sailing away,  
 a savior of deception  
An islands hopeless souls  
 shattered dreams of redemption.  
Fractured, sunken boat  
 let there be hope.

Stop the boats afloat,  
 across an ocean moat  
Sailing t'ward,  
 asylum signed veracious  
People who pride, 'fair go '  
 ah, but leaders are mendacious.  
Rickety, Leaking Shattered Boat  
 please, let there be hope.

Phil Charters

## Life's Moments

Fear you not, your life's demise.  
It is but a moment, In tragic guise.  
Liken, if you will,  
the moments of life's dream;  
As to the water droplets, that create the stream.  
'Tis at the ocean, the stream does end;  
But I think this tale, we must amend.  
Look you back, toward the flow: -  
Life be the same, 'tis how the dream does go.  
'Tis to the 'morrow, that I say: -  
"What be the point of yesterday? "  
Oblivion snatched it, its in its grasp:  
Of it, 'we have surely seen the last.'  
But hark you back, around the tale;  
To understand it, indeed, 'you must not fail.'  
The stream does pass, but still it does exist:  
So to, life's moments,  
a strange but heartening twist.  
Ones life, at birth, its time allotted:  
Into its space, it is thus slotted.  
Life's moments flow,  
until death takes its magic force:  
But cannot: shall not: take what comes before.

Phil Charters

## **Lingers, Not My Love**

Lingers, not my love,  
In shallow, earthly being;  
Resides, my love, exalted, within  
my soul sublime.  
Sublime beyond compare;  
Before my life was born;  
My love for you was there.  
Forever souls, they fly apart, by  
chance if two should meet;  
Here on earth, together joined,  
Existence now complete.  
And two become as one; a merging  
of each soul;  
'Tis you my wife. 'Tis you my love;  
Who makes my being whole.  
And when our lives, are finished here;  
Our souls again to part;  
An after life? I hope there be!  
Another life to start.  
For if there be another life, If indeed  
its true.  
I have one wish, my love- To live again  
with you.  
Lingers, not, my love.  
Oh yes, indeed it does.

Phil Charters

## **My Friend, A Born Again Capitalist**

I had a friend, a socialist  
Beaten to death, by a capitalist  
Rise did he, to live again  
Born again, a capitalist

My Friend of Notoriety  
Beating to death society  
A life so grand, Landlord to the youth of man  
His life is now propriety.

The youth of man, are socialists  
Beaten to death by capitalists  
Alive in wealth, devoted to self  
A wise mans fool, a capitalist.

A selfish heart, a capitalist  
Beating to death a socialist  
Society reduced, beneath his boots  
Born again, a capitalist.

Phil Charters

## Nan's Eighty

Time piece chimes, a new day dawns.  
Special to our clan.  
Today; we celebrate, the birth of our sweet Nan.  
Eighty years; birthday cheers;  
Each hour the clock does chime,  
A memory; shared, comes gentle to my mind.  
Together shopping, a days delight,  
Scones you baked, enjoyed on many a night.  
My clothes you sewed, with love and care;  
Cherished moments, memories;  
You and I do share.  
Grandmother; grand daughter:  
Between us; a bond,  
Forever unbroken. With love; respect,  
Never a mere token.  
A grand daughters husband,  
Be who I am, But you; be always; Nan.  
Christmas greetings, from the past;  
Each birthday, now remembered.  
A child at play, in a park;  
A family treasure: Nan; our matriarch.  
So as the time piece, chimes,  
The passing of the day;  
A chapter, new, does come our way.  
Moments, more, for us to share;  
You and I: - Nan.

Phil Charters

## On The Edge Of Non-Existence

Celestial wanderings;  
ones mind amongst the stars,  
to travel free,  
to search intrepidly; a single shaft of light  
gifted forth, from heavens fires,  
to light, the shallow dark;  
to ignite, knowings spark;  
but oh, the horror now,  
abide does one the seeing, the misery  
of ones life,  
and happiness, now made rescind,  
in knowings fateful grip.  
Ah, existence Human; how tragically benign;  
a world entrapped; ensconced by intelligence;  
ah magnificence!  
Proud one stands, before ones life,  
a living edifice, built upon a cliff  
a life time spent in toil, a vain attempt  
to foil,  
a ceasing to exist.  
But know Ye Human this: -  
Ones mind can fly with birds, around,  
around the world,  
or hunt with lions, swim with whales,  
the universe engird;  
but never see, the face of God,  
nor feel his healing hand, ones  
wretched life, to move  
a concept, all too grand.  
Defeated, in frustration, mind shall come  
to rest,  
home, amongst the rotting flesh,  
and in the fetid stench, that is decay,  
now shall the whole thing die;  
Perhaps it's all a lie.  
But see a person buried, beneath the  
sodden earth,  
no-longer has a worth;  
rewarded, not for ones persistence;  
a toiling life of waste;  
on the edge, of non-existence.

Phil Charters

## One's Final Thought

Come ye love  
with thy beauty  
light  
shadows that fall  
across ones  
remnant mind  
and in the ether  
above existence  
ones final thought enshrine;

of you  
whom my life  
adores

serenely seated  
upon a fallen bough  
where  
sparkles still  
the morning dew  
on fern fronds touched  
by dappled light  
beneath their sentinels  
forest trees  
caressed softly  
fragile life

beside a whispering  
mountain stream  
a lullaby to the listeners ear  
fading, fading  
fearing none,  
but that  
love should fall  
and with beauty fallen  
from ones eyes  
one dies.

forever  
lost, ones person;  
forever,  
ones thought  
goes on  
ones final thought

Phil Charters

## Our Secret Place

Friendship, kindled, in the flickering  
flames, fires glowing,  
pretense, pretending, all, for the knowing;  
in beauty's sight, in our secret place,  
from eyes falls beauty, with ne'er a trace.

For the future conspires, comes back from  
the fog.  
Ignorance, ignorant, do loggers, log,  
entranced by the word, the order clear fell,  
lost to the world, the forests smell.

And cockatoos, fly in, they squawk, on  
the breeze,  
confusion, confused. Where are the trees?  
Tired of wing, there's nowhere to rest,  
a lost generation, there's nowhere to nest.

The possum, who leapt amongst the trees,  
bedazed he roams;  
in dwellings, dwelt, fit for human homes,  
and the fox of beauty, so full of dare,  
buried by 'dozers, within his lair.

Now the lyre bird, mimics, so true, the  
passing throng,  
losing, lost, the saddest of song.  
Mimicry, perfect, the sound of the saw,  
lost is the world, to him and to all.

Ignorant bird, take now to wing, fly, fly aways;  
beauty, beautiful, from mine eyes, it strays,  
sadness welling, within my chest,  
and spilling its tears upon my breast.

Oh, to friendship, forged by the flickering  
flame, warming fire;  
hoping; hope, thus to inspire;  
dreams not dreamt, by the sawing chain,  
alone I am left now to my pain.

But friends, share memories, shalt our dreams survive;  
ever, wherever, the fire is alive;  
cannot, shall not, the chain saw erase,  
the moments we shared, in our secret place.

Phil Charters

## **Refugee's**

Let them in  
Let them come  
Open our borders  
Open our hearts  
Give them hope  
Show them Peace  
Open their eyes  
Open our eyes  
To a world without fear  
Give them sanity  
Show them humanity

Phil Charters

## Rhiannon's Castle

Subliminal light, through the valley, shimmers,  
a ghostly image, to imbue,  
the spectre, of the reaper grim,  
there in the shivering hue.

Where Goblins howl in tones, unholy,  
and evil hangs, a deadly skene,  
sublime is one, who dies there solely,  
Faery's now, invade the scene;  
incant their heartfelt words of prayer,  
a Bard now harps, a mystics doleful tone,  
melodic magic, in the air,  
the potions of an ancient crone.

Her cauldron frothing to the boil;  
a Goddess, upon a rough hewn pallet lies,  
while creatures of the dark do toil,  
to put life, back to her eyes;  
and thus, for their persistence,  
avoid the tragedy, non-existence.

Sentinels, on the wing, Ravens whirl  
in frenzied flight;

above the loathesome dying:  
their noisome voice; in fear, caw-caw;  
a winters freeze, would thaw,  
For should She, who life inspired,  
upon the rough hewn pallet lay, expired,  
in the sheerest shift of purest white,  
cold in the subliminal light;  
then day shall fade, and night shall gloom,  
and know shall all their doom.

O ye Rhiannon live, incant the Faery Bards,  
a solemn hymn,  
and trolls beneath the bridge, existence, wail;  
Rhiannon, begins to flail;  
and dreams, a vision clear, to all who gather near,

heads bowed silent, all who gather there: -  
A mountain spumes in anger, and trees,  
they bow in prayer.

Grass pressed hard against the turf,  
a beast now stalks the earth;  
a beast of power, immense;  
destruction so intense,  
cry do all in fear;  
save us oh Rhiannon, our prayers  
oh please do hear.

But roars a weapon angry, in the hand  
now of the beast,  
picaresque of nature, he enjoys a brutal feast;  
and as the weapon deafens, the wailing  
of the trees,  
the forests, sad lament, God falls to his knees.

Convulsions, contort, Rhiannons body, in  
a Devils savage rage;  
and threshing about, in turmoil, she  
comes to sit upright.  
Demons ride upon her tongue; they  
hold now centre stage;  
lathered perspiration, a wild unholy sight;  
Rhiannon speaks, to, impatient ears,  
there in the shivering night.  
" Twilight holds you Beast, here within  
mine eyes,  
and though I search my heart and head,  
I can not seem to place you;  
in recklessness you stomp about and  
cause the trees to wail,  
the living earth to ail,  
Faery Bards to harp, the frantic scale:  
and yet I know you; who hides behind

concocted lies;  
survived, you have O Beast, but incomplete,  
in the ever shifting hue.  
Are you first among creation,  
innocence lost, replaced by mind;  
a soul for your salvation?  
Or are you of another kind;  
the product of, illicit fornication.  
A mingling mash, of brutish brain;  
daring, confident, but not quiet sane.  
Give yourself, now to the light,  
this I now command,  
cease your savage rage;  
this I now demand.  
Trees in ancient wisdom, stand now  
tall and proud,  
and the mountain ceases spuming, chiding;  
by Rhiannons words abiding;  
but the Beast in anger shouts, whilst towards  
the Goddess striding-  
O ye Rhiannon, who conjured up myself,  
and left me naked, without a tearing claw,  
without a coat to warm,  
begrudge me now my wealth;  
when long I toiled, deep within despair,  
suffering your neglect,  
your command, I now reject;  
and in the silent destiny of my fate,  
I relieve you of your realm, and all  
shall bow to me,  
your castle I command, I am at the helm.  
Fury springs, from Faery Bards, they

harp melodic rage,  
to ride upon the breeze, in and out,

amongst the trees  
to ride on thermal air, on past  
mountains high,  
on and on towards the sky, to seed the heavy cloud,  
to peel the thunder loud,  
to wake the ancient Gods, who live from age to age,  
to join now, in their rage.

While Goblins howl a frantic tone,  
incanting spells the ancient crone;  
summons forth, the enduring sage.  
who speaks in eloquence, as from a page.  
"Perpetual existence, suffers now a threat;  
we'll cease this chatter, that has no chit,  
and gather up our collective wit,  
I smell the Beast, a strong and odorous scent.  
No need, for all this ranting.

Let loose the dogs, see them chase,  
wild eyed, savage, panting,  
Retreats the Beast, he has lost the race,  
but the dogs, soon cease their yapping,  
Returns the Beast, a confident pose;  
the souls of dogs, he was entrapping;  
and now in arrogance, he does display, his wit,  
as on command, he does make  
the wild dogs, sit.

Rhiannon suffers a violent fit,  
and falls once more, into repose.  
A Beast of knowing, rejecting morals,  
amongst, the mingling mass, does move  
and with the Faery Bards, he quarrels;  
of his rule, they do not approve.  
The ancient crone, violence screeching.  
From fingers, leaping fiery flame.

For the beastly face, her fingers reaching.

A puff of smoke,  
From twenty feet, the Beast, the crone he maims.  
And in the silence of her dying  
all around creatures crying,  
mourning for the lost millennium;  
Rhiannon rises from delirium,  
and rally's forces from above,  
ravens whirl, for her, they have great love,  
and with claws out stretched they dive,  
toward the Beast retreating,  
between the trees, ravens fleeting,  
clawing, tearing, Beastly skin;

but O the Beast of power; victory claimed;  
ravens timid, a cage there in;  
tamed.

Rhiannon falls back, in discontent,  
and sees the face now of the beast,  
the face of Daglbet;  
amongst her creatures, she knew him least.  
For him, she conjured, in the guise of Gods,  
no talons, no furs, nor fleet of foot;  
for shelter, warmth, and food to find,  
to Daglbet, Rhiannon gave,  
mind.

Ah see the aeons in fancy flight, for the Beast  
becomes the man;  
he casts aside Rhiannons world;  
Rhiannons castle, damned.  
Bridge existence, creaking, pylons begin to  
crack;  
Trolls they make repairs, they prop it up  
in fear;  
the end, existence near.  
Control is lost to Daglbet, a blight upon the earth.

Creations one mistake.  
Abuses power, does the Beast come man,  
indeed he has no worth;  
his intellect is fake.  
Rhiannon stunned, by whom she once did love,  
his violence and his greed,  
gathers up her ancient power, and shouts the  
voice of God-,  
O Daglbet, my words you now must heed.  
You must repent, O Beastly man,  
your intellect impaired;  
work within my rules, O Daglbet, this  
world must be repaired;  
or else, we all, you shall damn.  
Now the sage enduring, rising to the stars,  
his voice around the planet Mars.  
"Ye hear me Beast of terror, with murder in  
your eyes, give Rhiannon back the trees,  
then let the rivers flow,  
purify the air, view the clearest skies;  
for this I surely know: if in arrogance, you deny,  
my words not undertaken;  
then all is lost, all shall be forsaken.  
Fury rides the man come beast, he rushes  
at the sage,  
a trembling hand, a glint of steel, a dagger  
to the heart:  
Rhiannon, erupts in rage, commands

the rains to start.  
And rain it falls divine, now for the longest time,  
flooding the valley below.  
Aeons fly by, in the blink of an eye,  
a soul unable to tell,  
how long were the years, drowned in

Gods tears, where be, the  
Beastly fellow;  
he had climbed for the sky, a mountain  
on high, his anger beginning  
to swell,  
and rise did his pride, as well as the tide,  
his demeanour, never to  
mellow.

He awaited the sun, his moment to come,  
an uprising, he would quell,  
and in the light of the day, his cunning  
hold sway, a victory,  
albeit narrow;  
Rhiannon lay dead, a spike for her head,  
in darkness, she does dwell.  
And with the setting red orb, the Beast  
come man, is Lord,  
with the whole of the earth, to harrow.  
In brooding solitude.  
When one is left alone to dream.  
Demons come forth, violent, lewd;  
hoodwinked now, the mortals scheme.  
It is the Devils scene.  
And the back of Beast he now does ride,  
into war of highest magnitude;  
to fight the Gods, and win the world for pride.  
I kid you not, with platitude.  
A vessel built, from falling trees,  
a sail, to catch the breeze,  
stocked with food,  
of animals, the mountain now denude  
to sail upon the latitude.  
In frantic search, the Beast in desperation,  
to find Rhiannons, hide away,  
,

seeks the Faery's, Goblins Trolls; ah! elation  
the ignorant creatures, have shown the way.  
A drink to toast the creature's, mindless state.  
To know the glory of ones fate.  
And not a moment late.  
In trembling fear, the creatures hide

behind Rhiannons power,  
and troubled, she most surely is,  
by the coming of the hour;  
her mood is sombre, dour.  
For should she lose, the coming fight,  
existence then shall cease;  
she commands the winds to howl,  
and whip about, the vessel of the beast.  
Upon her face, creeps a scowl.  
Sailing weather, wild and fowl.  
The voice of God, shouts forth, from angry  
skies, in decibels like to deafen ears,  
and lightening bolts, strike, from the great ones  
eyes, about the vessel, electric spears;  
Daglbet struggles, with his fears;  
as upon the waves the vessel tossed,  
Rhiannon prays, the Beast and vessel lost.  
O the tragic cost;  
should the war be lost.  
Fear slips down, her chilling spine,  
silence stills, the hand of time,  
all seeing eyes the world now to peruse,  
another weapon, for the Gods to use.  
For Daglbets power, is great,  
he to, can still the hand of fate.  
Rhiannon now does make, the grey skies clear,  
the rain to cease its falling;  
the sun now to appear,

in answer to the Goddess; calling;  
the earth is kissed with rays of hope and glory;  
to avoid the war all bloody, gory,  
to render the Beast now, parched, and hoary,  
upon his bended knees;  
begging forgiveness from the trees,  
there before his fate,  
in frightened tear, defeated;  
and not a moment late.  
And millenniums rolled on, sung in legends song,  
a soul unable to feel;  
whether a Poets verse, or a Goddess's curse,  
brought the beast come man to heel.  
And how the sun it did shine, the beast  
in rage he was blind,  
is it fantasy or is it real,  
how Rhiannon put trust, in the power of lust,  
and to Daglbets fate put seal.  
For the story is told, to the young and the old,  
how lust, it was used to reel,  
the beast come man in, to pay for his sin,  
to suffer the darkest deal,

as away from his self, his power and wealth,  
his soul, it began to peel;  
And beneath, the blazing red orb, the Beast  
who would be Lord,  
away from existence, he did quickly keel.  
And thus the legend goes-  
Rhiannon came forth, in wisdom's triumph;  
astride the mighty sun;  
cease did the rain and the winds roaring humph,  
as the warming now did come.  
And the vessel upon the water, calmed,  
Daglbet now becomes alarmed

some distance from the shore;  
a sitting target, stranded, the Beast he swore;  
a Goddess Rhiannon you are not, indeed  
you are a whore.  
Hear ye this, my maiden fair, protect  
ye all who live,  
for beast and man, is Daglbet, rotten  
to the core,  
and what's more,  
take you not, me for a fool,  
for I intend to rule;  
hear you, now my thunder,  
not from above, but here down under.  
Ah! bedevilment.  
See my fire, the land in flame;  
are you now content?  
A mindless. innocent Beast? Rhiannon;  
'tis the man of mind to blame.  
Rhiannons words, are cast upon the breeze,  
to skip the waters, ever so slight,  
to hang illusions, in the dreams of man,  
and work the devils curse, there in  
the darkest night.  
A man asleep, in fright,  
tossed in violent fit;  
sees his bed in flames, alight,  
a pot of gold above it;  
hangs there in temptation;  
his life now to escape;  
but hangs the gold, wealth untold,  
a risk now shall he take  
To flee his life, now from the strife,  
or risk his souls damnation.  
He reaches in frustration,

as flames his flesh, now lick,  
his heart beat strong and quick;  
trampling other beings,  
men and women seeing,  
he kicks now from above,  
greed it has no love.  
All engulfed in flames;  
the beast come man remains,

above the leaping fire,  
maddened by desire;  
reason flees, the mind,  
undone, is human kind,  
a hand it now extends,  
a Goblin leaps, the pot he now defends,  
and at the man, he now does sneer,  
on Daglbets face, is fear,  
confusion fills his head;  
as the pot now tips, its molten lead,  
and as the beast come man he hangs,  
in greed's own effigy;  
Faery Bards harp, melodic ecstasy,  
loud to make the vessel shake;  
in terrors grip, does Daglbet, wake.  
And cringes now, in foetal fear, bathed  
in perspiration;  
the world lost to salvation;  
as courage, he now regains;  
promised wealth, is gone.  
only revenge remains;  
The future seems forlorn.  
And pass do the ages, poets and sages,  
a songstress, in sweet voice does sing.  
So sweet is her tune, that none are immune,  
to the sublimity, held in her story.

To the flying high birds, fast running herds,  
and to, the jungle King,  
She gave in her song, the pride of the throng  
a piece of battles glory.  
For Rhiannons a cutey, alive in her beauty,  
manifests, every living thing.  
From the creatures that crawl, to the trees standing  
tall, conservative, albeit hoary,  
that the songstress does croon, of the sun and the  
moon, and how innocence enables the ring,  
to go round about, a never ending route,  
to begin and to end the story,  
is Rhiannons domain; and the son of Cain,  
is nought but a mere trifling,  
beneath the searing white orb, he who would be

Lord, is entitled to none of the glory.  
Rhiannon now smiles exuding confidence  
for the sun is holding fast,  
and view she does, the growing evidence,  
the shrinking waters at last;  
and the Beastly vessel stranded,  
upon the valley floor,  
and to the beast come man thus handed,  
darkness ever more.  
Oh, ye shrew, who casts me evil  
and now my fate devines,  
know you now a great upheaval,  
existence, all entwines.  
And should the greatest, that you bore,  
now be shown, oblivion's door;  
then cease existing; all.  
Riding high upon emotive, hate;  
so it is told in lore;  
how to reason now, had shut the gate,

and man exposed, Rhiannons core;  
spilt her smallest part;  
plunged a dagger to her heart,  
Ah! the foolish upstart.  
For now history subsides, to the shrill of the cries,  
from creatures, in despair.  
and mountains do fall, while trees standing tall,  
are victim to fetid air,  
and rivers run dry, while the sea tides so high,  
that land exists no where.  
Except in the song, of the sea faring throng,  
who tell of a time so fair,  
when Rhiannon did rule; but bore a creature so cruel,  
for existence, he did not care;  
so he darked out the sun, and light shone for none,  
in a time that nothing could bare.  
And the shrinking black orb, damned the failed  
would be Lord,  
to Rhiannons, primordial lair.  
From lucid mind, was Daglbet now, adrift,  
for time he had collapsed,  
felt had he, the aeons rift,  
before to coma had he lapsed.  
Ah! momentum's shift.  
The man he wakes;  
the Beast he shakes;  
all around seems cordial,  
and yet it seems, primordial.  
The beast at home, the man alone,  
shacking with fear, that's primal;  
he takes a peek, and hears a creak,

he sees a new arrival.  
As primordial light, through the valley shimmers;  
a beautiful, image to imbue;

the image of a Goddess glimmers;  
there in the shifting hue.  
Rhiannon does dance, the height of soul;  
and flitters about, amongst the trees;  
Daglbets lust, does rise its whole;  
God climbs off his knees;  
a future now he sees;  
safe now is creation;  
rescued from damnation,  
And Faery Bards harp, melodic seduction,  
and await the nights production.  
Rhiannon, beside a stream in dalliance,  
lit through, her shift of purest white;  
lithe her body, in all its radiance;  
cast to the primal night.  
To, her viewers eyes;  
the eyes of Daglbet;  
ah! the primal lies.  
To promise the fruits of Eden,  
perfection to put ones seed in.  
Daglbets mind confused.  
Goblins howl, amused.  
then trip the fatal wire.  
Man now to expire.  
lost to, the Beasts desire.  
Lust, is chosen by the Beast, but man  
he turns instead,  
a longing to be free,  
from primal light to flee;  
Rhiannons shift above her head,  
then upon the ground,  
naked now she springs,  
in cooling waters, swims;  
seductively, around.

Beast and man, are fused as one; entranced  
Daglbet now is numb  
Seduction now, is raised a notch; enhanced,  
it seems the scheme has won.  
Bards they harp, melodic, romance.  
Rhiannon takes her stance,  
against an ancient, rowan tree;  
it smiles in ecstasy,  
her body wetted, lithe.  
A hand falls freely, light,  
to her well of life,

from whence the future springs;  
seductively, she sings-  
Come love me tonight, in primordial light  
come suckle at my breast.  
Come hold me till dawn, till the soft light of morn  
creeps over where we rest.  
Come take of my charms, secure in my arms,  
and feel, my soft caress.  
Come share in my sin, and enter within,  
my life, my heart, my soul.  
Come the warm noonday sun, together as one,  
the world again, will be whole.  
Oh ye Rhiannon, give thyself to mine,  
and let the stars above,  
forever, in their splendour, shine,  
upon our fated love.  
For cursed we are, in fate entwined.  
Ye ruler of the beast;  
with thought I rule, in elegance: refined.  
Not, is one, the least,  
but two as one, a lovers feast.  
Oh rise ye splendid, primal moon;  
in manhood's fearsome pride;

see the little Goddess swoon;  
to passions, flowing tide.  
Floating, falling, gifted leaves,  
cast upon the billowing wind;  
her man Rhiannon, now receives,  
a bed of innocence, sinned.  
And anger, bursts forth, from fiery skies,  
the wind it howls and moans  
for lust it holds nought but lies,  
spent the Beast he groans.  
For the story, it goes, though no body knows,  
is it fantasy, or is it fact,  
when Rhiannon took hold, of a manhood so bold,  
with all of her lust and zeal,  
that time slipped away, a century a day,  
a Beast now on his back,  
had given his seed, a Goddess conceived,  
a future it now was real.  
And the skies gave their praise, the creatures,  
hell raised, to Rhiannons, unselfish act,  
in her they had trust, for the man whom she  
crushed, no pity did they feel,  
and laugh, did the orb, when man missed being  
Lord, by lust, over brains he lacked.  
Faery Bards harp, melodic history,  
come the creatures, of the dark;  
to witness now, the end of mystery,

sings the little forest lark.  
A tune now drowned, by mans own rage,  
wild dogs released now from his spell,  
ravens sprung now from their cage,  
how the pride of life does swell.  
Lives again, the enduring sage,  
rises to, the ancient crone,

all stand before Rhiannons throne.  
She speaks: -  
I say to you  
ye creatures, who,  
ride the ever tide,  
to ebb and flow,  
and live the centuries through;  
I have conquered two.  
The rampaging beast,  
the man of thought;  
I have pierced the heart,  
of two;  
saved have I, you,  
from rolling darkness,  
that snuffs out the soul,  
where the sun, can never  
shine through,  
A black hole you, near tripped  
into,  
by the man full of sin,  
creations mistake;  
I say I am sorry to you;  
he knew nought, of anything, true;  
only the love of himself,  
and the wealth, he sought  
to accrue,  
he was blind to another view.  
But in running so fast,  
away from his past,  
the man he finally broke through;  
discovered my creatures; you.  
With no comprehension,  
of another dimension,  
he sought to eradicate you.

No this would never do;  
I love my creatures, you.  
So I called on the skies;  
rain, rain, rain;  
but he floated on the tide.

I called on the sun;  
blaze, blaze, blaze;  
but he thought, the aeons through.  
So now I shifted hue;  
when the world was nought,  
but dust.  
I called down the power,  
of lust.  
I raised from dead the ancient crone; who;  
boiled a tricksters brew.  
While the enduring sage, ranted,  
his vision, in a prayer;  
Now man, he is finally through;  
the moment now is true.  
My belly is full of his seed  
I love to pull out a weed.  
Ah! see his face askew;  
in anguish his features screw,  
he sees the end of his line,  
as I withdraw the feature of mind.  
It is innocence I now fancy;  
Ah the birth, so cuddly cute,  
it is nought, but a chimpanzee.  
We bid the man, adu;  
the world my creatures, is now  
for you.  
Faery Bards, they harp, melodic ecstasy.  
Primordial, light it lifts.  
Ravens fly in purest fantasy,

as the shivering hue, it shifts.  
And leaves the world, in sunlight bathed.  
Goblins howl, their song delight  
Trolls they sigh, relief: the bridge  
existence, saved.  
Rhiannons castle, the world again is right.

Phil Charters

## Special Steps

Far far away  
Beyond the lights of a city's guile  
Fleecing currency from ones soul  
To lie, with the setting sun  
Sleep peaceful, dream beautiful  
Stand with the sunrise.  
Near? It's here  
Heaven surrounds, Godless  
Yet a soul full of worth  
A heart full of happiness  
Walk with special steps  
Harmonize traditional steps  
In the land of the Jawoyn.  
Fear? Not here  
Yellow petals blue over sky  
Grass shades green, dust upon rust  
Termites build high rise  
Little birds sing  
Flirting the breeze  
A pictured lullaby  
Fear? It's here  
King brown slithers mine eyes  
Wiggles to grass, gone from sight  
Heat beats down on mind  
Sucking moisture from one's life  
stumble, fall, rise  
Clothes perspired,  
With body cleansed  
Rivers swimming hole.  
Beautiful is here  
Indelible memories whilst life cascades  
As waterfalls in a timeless land  
Flowing rivers through canyons deep  
Pandanus, Eucalypt  
Little wild flowers, colored life  
Jatbula, Nitmiluk  
Harmonize traditional steps  
Walk, special steps  
Through one's life.

Phil Charters

## The Billings Curse

The day does dawn, and with a yawn,  
I get up from my bed.  
A morning wee, a cup of tea,  
and for my car I head.  
Upon the road, I bare my load,  
a cross I can't deny.  
To pay my loan, and keep my home,  
to work I now must fly.

I can't be late, my family's fate,  
weighs heavy on my mind.  
Up ahead, someone is dead,  
the traffics in a bind.  
With fear I muse, my bosses fuse,  
is short, my arse he'll fry.  
I swear and curse, in ugly verse;  
I know he thinks I lie.

I get to work, the boss does lurk,  
behind a shipping crate.  
I cringe in fear, he chews my ear,  
and asks me why I'm late.  
He thinks I lie, so I reply,  
"my mother she is dying."  
He's eyes do flare, a fearsome stare,  
he makes me feel like crying.

With spirit crushed, and face that's flushed,  
I work with anger burning.  
My mind does roam, back to my home,  
for my wife and kids I'm yearning.  
Day after day, to get my pay, this trauma  
I must bare.  
With a despot boss, 'I'm at a loss,  
I tell you it's not fair.

It's end of year, I need a beer,  
this work it has no end.  
Panic driven, no quarter given,  
it drives me round the bend.  
The work must flow: the systems slow;  
it all must happen fast.  
Systems gone, tempers worn,  
this madness cannot last.

The billings curse, I need a nurse,  
I'm wound up like a coil.  
My boss the jerk, he brings 'more work, '  
my blood it sure does boil.  
Frustration bound, I look around,  
with anguish on my face;  
but there's no time, to whinge and whine,

as against the clock I race.

I watch the clock, and as if to mock,  
the time does quickly pass.

I quicken pace, 'I've lost the race, '  
this whole scene is a farce.  
And then it's time, I'm feeling fine,  
for home, I now can go:  
but then despair, "it's just not fair, "  
the boss just tells me "no."

Two hours back, 'I'm on the rack, '  
this deadline I'll not meet.

Adrenaline pumping, mind that's thumping,  
and the boss turns up the heat.

With sweat on brow, the pressure now,  
is beyond my breaking point;  
so still uptight, I say, "goodnight, "  
and I leave this cheerless joint.

I go to bed, with aching head, but sleep  
I cannot find.

For sleep I yearn, as I toss and turn,  
but work is on my mind.  
Day or night, a depressing plight,  
the company always rules;  
every day we track, to work and back,  
we must be bloody fools.

The day does dawn, and with a yawn,  
I get up from my bed.

A morning wee, a cup of tea,  
and for my car I head.  
My wife does run, with toasted bun,  
"there'll be no work today."  
I ask, "why not? " She says, "you clot.  
There never is on Sundays."

Phil Charters

## The Brother Of My Soul

eucalypts,  
that once stood the night  
sentinels to my sleeping swag  
where the fire burned for friends  
warmed against sub zero,  
have uprooted, fled  
and the forest choir that  
sang my awakening, silenced  
sings no more  
only the raven flies, caws,  
and casts its shadow long  
across my life  
the sun no longer warms nor  
lights my way through days  
darkness engirds my soul  
the raven lands  
morrigan launders, where  
once friends in a trilogy  
gave praise for their lives entwined  
only the forest privy to the sacrament  
of friendship  
the land is bare  
and the blood of the chosen  
stains the ground  
morrigan launders his clothes  
the brother of my soul  
while he sits his rock, a man among men  
yet sees me no more  
hears me no more  
I see him, I hear him, always  
the brother of my soul  
alive in the raven,  
in the strength of the rock  
I lean on him  
in these my darkest days  
alive in the symbols he chose,  
alive in my heart,  
forever,  
the brother of my soul.

Phil Charters

## The Demigods Pen

writers pen  
in a well of  
sarcasm dipped  
with skillful mirth  
moves the hand  
of the demigod  
so my life designed  
a character  
the reader shall  
not read  
caught in a traffic jam  
of mindless beings  
staring down  
the corporate state  
like insects  
to the bug zapper  
attracted to ones own  
demise  
by ever bigger  
dollar signs  
seen but rarely  
touched  
where a millennium  
swiftly ends  
I fight my self  
to free  
from my authors mind  
stomp, shout  
turn to run  
but torpid character  
weigh heavy  
flows the demigods pen  
I am forced along  
myself torpid.

Phil Charters

## **The King Of Terror**

Dormant.  
Within ones heart lies  
terror.  
Unleashed, set free  
comes out through ones eyes.  
Tremor,  
from ones mind down through each knee;  
as if upon a deck,  
the deck of a sinking ship;  
a wave reality shatters,  
and reason? well it does flee.

Torment.  
Within my view, my eyes;  
terror.  
Flaming fury: King  
of terror, comes out of the skies.  
Panic,  
slipping the chain, breaking the moral ring,  
as if it matters not,  
losing the sight of God,  
alone in a sea of despair,  
and society? ever a tender thing.

Fear.  
Within ones soul, control.  
Terror.  
Maddened herd, stampede,  
comes out of a primal mind; no soul,  
immoral.  
Sophist man crumbling, no law to impede,  
looters, homicidal rapists,  
stripping societies core,  
in a frenzy for ones self,  
and why? to live, yes to succeed.

Terror.  
Within the core of man does start.  
Terror,  
erupting fury, Gia bleeds,  
comes out of earth's own heart.  
Firestorm,  
growing, burning, impact, hastily it seethes,  
engulfing farmland, cities,  
animals, humans, all;  
the King of terror strikes;  
and why? destiny achieves.

Awoken.  
Within ones sleep one dreams,  
terror.

Hellish nightmare; emptiness  
comes out of ones disease. Schemes  
war:  
battles the body, with ones self: darkness,  
ones being now engirds,  
as if upon a spaceship,  
with time crushing spirit:  
and spirit? Falls to limpness.

Fright.  
Within the future unknown.  
Terror.  
A crop not reaped,  
comes out of seeds we have sown.  
Love.  
with ne'er a parting, forever blown,  
across existence entwined,  
ne'er to perish apart:  
King of terror, all ye take. Nay!  
and why? it lies within, to face alone.

Phil Charters

## **The Sirens**

In the dark depths of night,  
the sirens do wail.  
The masts of men rise,  
and toward them do sail.  
On the winds of desire, their seed,  
warmed by the fire;  
that consumes their whole being,  
and does darken their seeing.  
Serpents reside, in their long golden tresses.  
The men of the world,  
entranced by their dresses;  
forth they do come, in the passionate night,  
never seeing the serpents,  
nor feeling their strike.  
The men have expired, by morning light;  
the sirens do dance, in historic delight.  
Their future secured,  
by the weakness of man:  
and the men of the world, forever damned.

Phil Charters

## **The Worker**

Nemises  
out there, somewhere  
a media shrouds  
faceless

deceitful words  
by ears captured  
invading mind  
descending

upon a feeble heart  
blackend  
my body  
to enslave  
outcast,

spirit stomped on  
homeless  
upon the fickle breeze  
self bent to your will  
swaying

like a tree in a  
violent wind  
I shall fall  
you shall fall

for I am what  
you would remove  
the beginning.  
my life given  
unto your wealth  
yet my existence  
you despise

I support you  
nemises  
Capitalist  
I am your captive slave  
doomed to your toil

you cultural, social  
vandal

till I lay at rest  
in an everlasting grave  
I am or was  
the worker.

Phil Charters

## Traditional Owner

you; traditional owner,  
who;  
into the fire blew,  
fanning the flames, higher, higher;  
singeing the serpent,  
who;  
with tear filled eyes  
and sorrow filled heart,  
slithered away,  
withdrew.  
leaving its people,  
you;  
defeated, lost, shattered respect;  
dissolving the bonding glue;  
holding to nothing that's true.

your culture now sold off a shelf,  
by pretty young girls,  
wearing white skin,  
betraying the lie therein.

hoodwinked:

traditional owner, you,  
reality a window comes through;  
irritating,  
tugging my conscious,  
picking up garbage were you.

white man rolling in cash:  
blackman picking up trash:

traditional owner, you?  
traditional maybe,  
owner, nay!  
get back back back,  
to your thew.  
play your didgeridoo  
hunt the kangaroo

regain your culture must  
you.  
for then shall you succeed  
when white man falters on greed

i have naught but respect for  
you

memories of kakadu.

Phil Charters

## When Velvet Soap Did Cleanse It All

Willow trees, caress the summers sky,  
fragmented; days of childhood,  
long since passed on by.

Down thirty years, memories drift:  
melancholic mood, a mind does sift;  
through times when siblings numbered four;  
the house we lived, of fragile wall;  
always the willows standing tall.

Elder sister, then, was admiral of the fleet.  
siblings sailed those willows,  
through summers heat.  
Fantasy the realm of childhood mind,  
contentment, the siblings, each country  
day did find.

When the laundry was a washhouse;  
no sink of stainless steel,  
a soul of forty years, family history,  
now does feel.

A washing trough of concrete, four children  
playing at Mums feet: a copper stick: -  
'oh yes!' an ancient copper, our clothes to wash,  
a wood-fired stove, on which to cook. 'gosh! '  
I Hear the cynics laugh: -  
"Boil the water, to take a bath! "  
How quaint it now does seem; recall the days,  
a happy scene: a memory; a headland;  
for ones mind to rest: - a morning tea: -  
one brother, two sisters, Jack, Dad and me.

Sticky strips, from ceilings hung.  
A bird or two, caught among, flies and insects,  
that died there, when velvet soap did wash our hair.  
Our clothes, our dishes, every cleansing chore;  
even the little mouth that swore  
Rock the house, on a windy night.  
Bedded siblings, set to fright.  
Outside toilet, natures needs, desperate to curtail;  
younger brother, always seemed to fail.

Elder brother, bike of second hand;  
down the track, he looked so grand.  
Time to stop, 'his missed his cue, '  
across the road, the hedge his through.  
Badlands there; owners wild, elder brother,  
his land defiled.  
Grab the bike, quickly run,  
safely back on home with mum.

By the woodpile, beside a shed, upon a rack,

younger sister bled.  
Throwing stones, brothers set to fear;  
younger sister, burst to tear.  
Runs to mum; a visitor; memory fades;  
I know not now, just who:  
surely saved the brothers, two.

Bull from paddock, takes to flight,  
bedded siblings, once more to fright.  
Dad outside, the bull does chase;  
night does pass, his family safe.

Learn of god, on a Sunday morn.  
Lunch at Nanas, then the norm.  
Dad and Granddad, at darts they'd play;  
careful siblings, not in the way.

Image dimmed, not by time.  
Burned forever, inside ones mind.  
lives eternal, do entwine.

Short of pennies, doomed to fate;  
around the table, food we ate;  
provided by a fathers toil;  
hard his hands, stained by soil.  
Long each day, we were apart;  
once at home, gentle, was his heart.

Closer now, the town had moved.  
Upon a handshake, loan approved.  
Left the willows standing tall,  
goodbye the house of fragile wall.

Walls of brick, house brand new;  
one more year, family grew.  
Family was to grow once more;  
short of ten, siblings, now did number four.

And so to progress, the old house fell.  
Willows to, they did succumb;  
we watched it all, we stood with mum.  
Elder sister, began to cry,  
beneath the suburbs memories lie.  
Safely nurtured, siblings four;  
when velvet soap, did cleanse it all.

Phil Charters

## Youth Unemployment

Older men  
through wrinkled eyes  
peer out  
and see nought  
but dilapidated dreams;  
invented glories  
reality adulterates, not.  
Bygone memories  
souped up:  
thus do older men  
nations lead.

And the youth of man  
who once hung dreams  
like beacons  
from exuberant eyes  
beneath eyes accusing  
languid lie,  
helpless, drowned  
in the ever tide  
of learned, older men.  
Devoid of wisdom  
given to  
the economy of self  
while society lies bankrupt.

Oh the youth of man,  
fear not the future;  
but fear  
your leaders guile.

Phil Charters